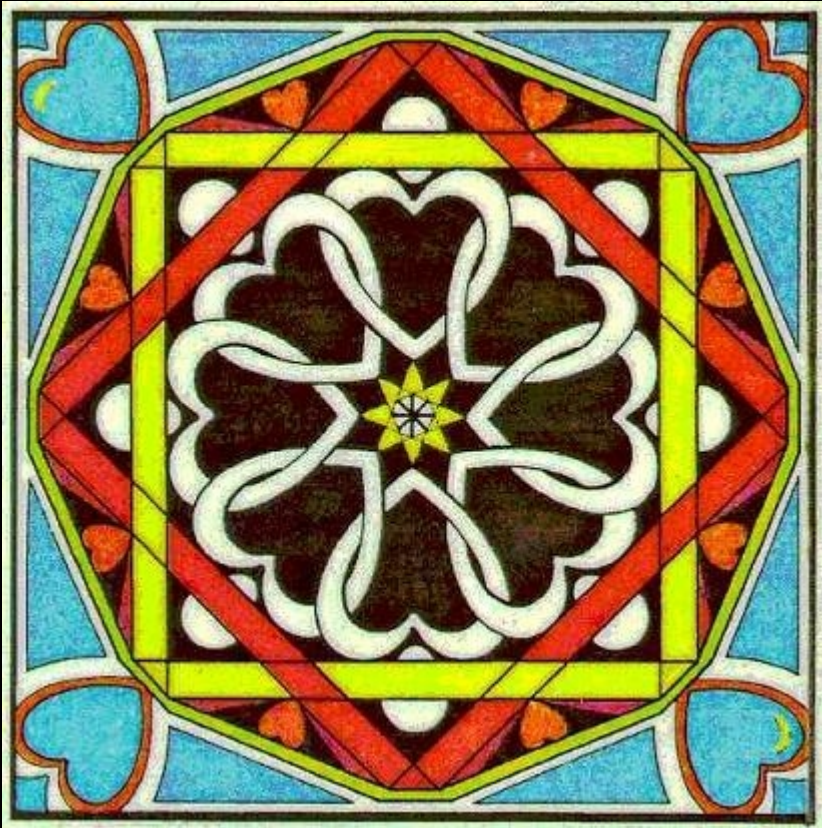


Heart to Heart



A short selection of poetry

Rohan Powell

Heart to Heart

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Heart to Heart

Dedicated to Kate Bush and Peter Gabriel, for helping me through a horrendous and traumatic period over Christmas 1985 or 1986, following a totally unexpected and devastating kundalini awakening.

---♥---

*“Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is love.”*

~ Sir Walter Scott, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

---♥---

This edition

The original booklet was illustrated throughout with black and white ink drawings.

Unfortunately, only the front cover colour image could be located – in the archive of an ancient and now-defunct web site, *The BeezKneez* – the other drawings having been lost in the intervening years.

---♥---

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1. Lost Without You

I can remember how we longed to live,
To see the beauty of it all.
Oh, how we desired to know one-another,
To re-experience life before the fall.

Listen! Can't you hear me calling?
Is my message getting through?
Can't you feel my heart a-breaking?
I'm head-over-heels in love with you.

Every day my love for you grows stronger.
But I don't know if I can take much more.
Little in this world is satisfying.
It feels as though my soul has died.

Without you,
with half a heart and half a soul, I cry...
Without you,
with half a heart and half a soul, I cry...

2. Sophia

I see a face in the mirror,
Which I seem to recognize.
With a heart shaped jewel,
Where I got a hole between the eyes.

She strips me to the core,
Shows me the ever-open door.
She's the wind that blows me,
T'ward that distant shore.

I show her the animal,
And she reveals the man.
Gives me all I need,
Lets me be the man I can.

*"Search your own heart," she says.
"The treasure's in the mine you see.
In there you'll find sweet freedom,
You'll find your destiny."*

She shares her deepest secret.
She acts as one who knows.
She says if I'll be her Lover,
She will be my Mystic Rose.

Starry-eyed and laughing,
She lets me taste her wine.
In union and remembrance,
No experience feels so fine.

Heart to Heart

Oh, Sophia,
My heart's one true desire.
As one we are the kite,
As one we are the flier.

3. Heart Strings

... You won't find the answer in the whole wide world,
If you don't search deep within your heart.
With our own hands, we've built these walls,
That keep **Us** so far apart.

When you look in the mirror,
And you see yourself squinting back -
If you don't like what you see:
well, who you gonna blame for that?

I see a wounded dove; I see pain and woe.
*I see **only Us** my love; I see a rainbow.*
I see a warning; I see the writing on the wall.
I see a new day dawning, for one and all.

*I see through your thin disguise,
Through the veil where the truth lies.
By the light of the Central Sun,
I see we two are really one.*

You've got to give a little, got to laugh a lot.
You've got to loosen the strings on your heart.
Then you'll find, when you let yourSelf unwind,
That it'll all come together, Heart to Heart.

*Yes, it will all come together, **Heart to Heart.***

4. Soul Food

In every grain of sand
In the palm of my right hand
In the sleazy brothel bed
In the lowly cattle shed
In the skate-grey cloudy sky
In the frown of the passer-by
Behind the greasepaint smiles
And the drunkard on the tiles
In the salivating dogs of war
In the troubadour's *chansons d'amour*
Idly eyeing an opportunist fly
Watching life passing me by
In the heated climax of lust
In patience and in trust
Reading between the lines
Listening to my own whines
In a children's fairytale
In the morning junk mail
In the two-bit comic's joke
Meeting common or garden folk

– Here's food enough for every fool
Who ever set out to find
What it was they were looking for,
Or what there *was* to find

5. Butterfly

You who look amongst the stars for Heaven
When it's right here before your eyes
You who search the whole world over
For what's closer than your façade

You who live for some distant Age
Unconscious to the Here and Now
You who fill your house with clutter
Deaf to the cosmic symphony

You who blame your circumstance
For what's in your state-of-mind
You who blame others near and far
For what may be inside your self

Don't let the mind demons deceive you
You are free to learn and free to grow
Don't let your passions hook you
Don't let them drag you down below

Don't bury your head, my friend
Don't let the Sand Man suck you in
Don't hide your tired eyes any more
Wake up and take a look around

Cast off those chains that never bound you
Throw down that crutch and spread your wings
Believe these walls can never hold you
And, butterfly, you *will* be free.

6. Forty Years On

Forty years on down the glittering road
T'ward mutually assured destruction
The blind clowns and the one-eyed kings
Boast in their sleep of arms reduction

Yet Mother Nature's homely bosom
Heaves heavily in sheer pain,
As her tortured body is daily raped
Her tears they fall as acid rain

The forests are dying an untimely death
While still more they're chopping down
And they're ploughing up Someone Else's farm
To plant another concrete town

They've just flooded two more valleys
And unhoused the rustic folk
To irrigate the desert they've made
To feed a plant to make more smoke

They've also built a new kind of bomb
They call the Doomsday Device
Just in case we should lose the war
It's our Leaders' little sacrifice

Ours, until we start to reason
Why, there must be more to life
Than this, than merely but to do and die
In the death dark vale of worldly strife

Heart to Heart

If they'd spend a little more on peace
And a little less on war
We might get on with life
And with what we're on Earth for

We must learn to live in peace and love
Though you've heard it all before
We must rebuild the Garden
From the barren desert floor

It's early days to tell just what
Is held in store by Fate
But we should have started forty years ago
So let's hope **Tomorrow** is not too late.

7. In the Name of God!

The armchair hero raises a glass of beer
To help lead the lads from the rear
While the army of zealous pundits crow
 Guzzling popcorn, ogling telly
 As the Scud lands in her belly
Now that's what I call a show!

Has it really come to this
Can they find eternal bliss
While Mother Earth lays gently weeping?
 They say "Why don't you go away?
 Come back another day
Can't you see that we're all sleeping?"

They think they're so wise
But I can see it in their eyes
There aren't any winners in war
 I'm growing sick of their lies
 I can hear children's cries
And I don't want to hear any more!

What the hell do they think they're doin'
Bringing everything to ruin
The age-old pillars crashing at our feet?
 Do they think they'll find Paradise
 Making their deadly-poison pies
Of another poor man's meat?

Heart to Heart

“Champions” of whichever creed
Witnesses as innocents bleed
Blaming each other for the strife
 In ignorance and greed
 They destroy the very seed
That gives this whole world life.

8. Cultural Dis-ease

Hiding behind their psycho-analytic walls
They don't see their guilt-edged tower leaning
~ They're so quick to pop the pills
~ To tranquillize our ills, but
They fail to diagnose our Lack-of-Meaning

They force-feed us their special existential diet
That pushes us into crisis in mid-life
~ Their machine takes away our Noble hope
~ And when Death's tomorrow's only dope
They'll have another funny anecdote to tell

They dare to blame us for not locking the door
But they won't help us find the Real thief
~ They fill us full of guilt, with
~ Primal pain up to the hilt
Then they shock us out of feeling this as well

Ever-drinking, smoking, gobbing, ogling
Filling our empty lives brim full
~ With such stout walls to seal our Fate
~ To avoid the daemon of Self-Hate
Is there any Wonder weir in the State we're in?

Heaven forbid they discover we chat to Big G
Above all, don't let on She talks back!
~Not to mention our "Mr Smith" next door
~ If he revealed his secret, they'd lock him up for sure
I wonder what drug *he'd* prescribe for Them?

9. Fooling Myself

I've been fooling myself into feeling
That with what I had, I'd got it made
Capering about on the edge of the abyss
Thinking I was the Master of all I surveyed

I've been fooling myself into believing
The illusory nature of life's charade
That the way to end the world's suffering
Was the charity donation I sometimes made

I've been fooling myself into dreaming
That while I was sleeping I was really awake
But when I was wearing my oh-so-cool face
I was burning my heart at the stake

I've been fooling myself into thinking
That life would go on as it had always
And that nothing I did, in any case
Would change the error of our ways

I've been fooling myself into seeing myself
As something I have yet to find
Now I see myself in an altered light
I wonder – how *could* I have been so blind?

10. Man's Best Friend

It's nice to know
You're always around
When I'm needed

It's good to know
You don't hassle me
When I'm not

It's so re-assuring, when
My company's so boring
To know
That you're the best friend you've got.

11. Miracle Cure

Are you proud of yourself?
Do you feel fulfilled?
Do you know what you're living for?

Will driving around
In our big black cars
Help to stop the Third-World War?

Will the microchip
You and I worship on high
Save the children of the world from dying?

Will the divisive words on
My barbed-wire tongue
Help to find a solution?

Will our little tin gods
And our mystic cults
Only add to the Mind Pollution?

What will it take
To make me awake?
What am I waiting for?

Lots of little green men
In their flying machines
With some kind of miracle cure?

Heart to Heart

Accept it that soon
If we don't change our tune
Death'll come knocking on our front door

Accept it my friends
That in the end
Our excuses ain't worth dying for

12. The Worldpool

As I while-away a merry moment's lifetime
Sense-sucked down the microcosmic whirlpool
Of my childish mind's imagination

I spare a thought for my soul lying
Dispossessed, it could be dying, on the ice-cold
Mortuary slab before my eyes

But still I crave indulgence
In this Hell on Earth, this illusory vale
Of suffering, death and worldly strife
Many's the day that I've spent sleeping
Lying in this pit a-weeping, wondering
What on Earth am I doing Here?

The fickleness of the wheel of fortune
The frenzied nature of the cyclone
Belle the still wisdom in the heart
While these little daemons in my head a-chattering
Self-defeating, silence shattering
Drown out the still small voice within

But for all of this, there's no denying
Slowly and surely I come-to, realize, that
There's more to life than meets the eye
For everything has its season
Has its rhyme and has its reason
And I know, all-in-all, I'll be just fine

13. New Dawn

There's a wondrous green ray of hope
(To look beyond) sending out its astral light
Shining brightly in the star-spangled heavens
Cutting through this long dark night

And there's a pure white dove of peace
Soaring through the sky (shaking off dust)
A rainbow in its wake it leaves
Raising our spirits high

Fanning the sacred and eternal flame
That flickers dimly in our heart(h)
Feeding the flame that it might grow
And lead us back from whence we start

14. A Parting Thought . . .

Ten billion green bottles, standing on a wall

Ten billion green bottles, standing on a wall

And if one green bottle should accidentally fall ...

Would anybody notice it had fallen off at all?

Heart to Heart

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A short selection of poetry

“I can remember how we longed to live,
To see the beauty of it all.
Oh, how we desired to know one-another,
To re-experience life before the fall”

~ Lost Without You.



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